EDITORIALS BY THE LAITY

Does the Decalogue Need Enlarging?

By Austin Bierbower.

THE simple terms of ancient vices do not designate present ones. The greatest immoralities now practiced cannot be characterized by the ten commandments unless we stretch their meaning. Taken literally the decalogue omits most current immorality. Our chief criminals do not commit such small wrongs as lying and stealing. They work on a larger scale, where their misconduct takes other names and features.

Those who most wrong us are the men who wreck railroads and banks, thereby wiping out the fortunes of thousands; great corporations which monopolize the necessaries of life, raising prices and making it harder for the poor to live; politicians who levy extravagant taxes and squander them without public benefit; diplomats who plunge nations into war without due cause, etc.

These evils were unknown when the decalogue was framed and ancient morality fixed. The people had not then gone to governing themselves, to voting franchises and undertaking great public works. Immorality was private, as also morality. Only rulers could be immoral on a large scale, and they were few and thought to be incapable of wrong, so that immorality was practically confined to the common people.

Now the moral problems concern the great movements of men and nations, not of a few individuals. They concern the magnates who parallel railroads or manipulate stocks, the packers who give to the world polluted food, patent medicine men who prey on the public health, and religious leaders who foist humbugs on the people. These chiefly wrong men, not sly thieves and petty Sabbath breakers.

Such great criminals, we say, escape characterization by the ten commandments. They do not in the ordinary sense violate any prohibition of the decalogue. They can think themselves good and persuade others that they are so. They escape punishment for their wrongs, which are not sufficiently defined in any popular code. Vice has left the petty for the great, and villains have become a superior class. The wrongs are done by the influential. They used to be the degraded who sinned. Now they are in the higher circles. Crime has fled to the respectable and we need a reform in high life, or wholesale realm of men's activities.

Vice is grouped into the acts of a few and almost monopolized by a kind of trust. A limited number work it as they do business. The poor feel no need of churches or reforming agencies. They have not vice enough to create a demand for the moral. Wickedness is the specialty of a different class, so small that cure would affect only a few. Not enough people have a chance to do wrong to call for a universal morality of religion. The small criminals hardly affect society.

Hence, we say we need a new estimate and characterization of vice, which cannot be defined with the ten commandments or moral conceptions of a century ago. We have not only new vices but new ways of operating them, and the realm of evil differs from what it used to be. Vice, like crime, is mainly economic, and is seen in the social and political conditions. The chief sins are committed against the general good, so that our moral ideas must be revolutionized. We want society to proceed better and the great forms of business to be moral.

Man in dealing with the whole must be moral. In recent times we have entered into new relations with one another and so made possible new virtues and new vices. Goodness has shifted from the old standards. Men must not only be trained in morals but made scrupulous over a wider field. Much conduct hitherto deemed simply commercial, political, or educational is now ethical. There is a morality in the conduct of business, of feeling, and of thought.

Morality is a larger subject than hitherto. Hence, I say, the new morality cannot be formulated in the old precepts and prohibitions. As men have new forms of business and conduct them with injury to their fellows, they must work out new ways of avoiding this injury. Morality is as varied as the vices operate, and the ways of doing good as countless as the ways of causing injury. In learning a new method of achievement we should learn what new vice is involved in it.

Love Universal the World's Ideal.

By Ada May Krecker.

"NO one to love, none to caress," runs the sad old song. And its sadness is its selfishness. For there is always a worldful of people to love. "No one to love" must mean rather, "No one to love me," and "None to caress" must mean "none to caress me."

It is hard to find a meaning for "No one to love" when we all feel that every heart in the world wishes to be lover, wants to be loved. But that is not loving. It is not wishing to have some one to love. There always are people to love. There always are people glad, hungry for our love. Wanting to be loved is self-seeking, self-centered, grasping. Loving is other seeking, altruistic, liberal, munificent. Desiring to be loved has nothing whatever to do with loving, just as jealousy has nothing whatever to do with loving. These have to do with our self-love, our egoism, and its sense of property.

The property sense is so imminent in the baser mind that it mingles with every emotion. So that, whatever we love, we wish to own. But in our nobler consciousness we are generous. We worship the moon, although it is altogether out of our reach and shared with all the world and with Mars and Venus, too. And it is our devotion to the moon, and not the moon's devotion for us, that gives us delight in her lovely society. The moon, of course, does love us and is happy in shedding upon us her soft, dreamy, poetical light and in filling our thought with picturesque imaginings and sweet sentiment. But we do not think of her love for us when we are rapt in our enchanted adoration of her glories. We are happy purely by the feelings the moon inspires in us.

And in so far as this is true of our regard for people, we love them. We do not wish to capture those we love, to imprison them in our hearts, to possess them, to monopolize them. We simply and satisfyingly admire and cherish and idolize and revere them. We wish to serve them. We long not so much to please them as to give them pleasure, which is different, as Henry Drummond indicated.

Our love is the most unselfish, possessionless thing we know outside the sublime state of unity, where love's duality is transcended and literally and loftily there is "no one to love," because all are one. On the plane of unity a big self-love is the only possible love. But in this self-love self dignifies the whole world.

So that it is not self-love at all in the commonplace sense. But love supremely selfless. Love's unselfishness itself distanced, excelled. Love so selfless that it is born in us only after we have run through the gamut of the lesser affections and realized the intrinsically, pervadingly sacrificial quality of love everywhere. "Love seeketh not her own." That which seeks its own is not love.

The tragedies in matters of the heart all flow from the seeking one's own. That is to say, they flow from something that is not love. So that people get into trouble not because they are in love. But because they are not in love. The course of true love always runs smooth. It is the course of that which is not true love that never runs smooth.

The property sense is mischief maker. People are made miserable trying to belong to some one else and trying to have some one else belong to them. Whereas love cares nothing about having belongings or being belongings. It only cares to love.

And the more of love there is in the heart, the more genuinely this is so. And the larger the number of the beloved. Love is inclusive, not exclusive. It has a thousand affinities. The men of the coming race will be abashed to own to but one life love. They will put our novels into the museums as relic fossils of the primitive species of human love. To choose one out of millions as the only one to love, because to be enamored of even one more is out of taste; to devote a span of years to winning this one to one's self and away from every other, and to stifle for the rest of a lifetime the sweet tenderness one feels for other persons—all this is puerile and infantine, barbaric. It is caricature, farce, mummery, mockery. It is not love.

There is a story in India of the Lord Krishna at a festival dancing with 60,000 maidens. And each maiden of the 60,000 thought she was the best beloved and the only beloved of the lord. The Indian intellectuals cite this sweet story as a picture of the universality of Krishna's affections. He did love all, let us say. And he did love each best. His heart was full of love. He could give luxuriously to each. And each was supreme. For each was different, and drew upon his love resources in a different way. So that no one else could be loved in the same way or to the same degree.

Some one says that infinity is a circle which has its center everywhere. The universal love becomes infinite. And every heart becomes a center. And there is no circumference. It is love boundless. It is love literally universal.

This universal love has been the world ideal through the ages. And now as never the love universal is the ideal. To put love on basis other is to distort and to disfigure it. Rather, it is to dethrone it. It is to have a substitute. For when we speak of something that is not universal, that cannot be universal, that ruins or dies in expanding toward universality, then we are speaking of something else. We are not speaking of love. We cannot be. Love is untrammeled, illimitable, and irradiates as freely and as spontaneously to the many, to all, as does the sweet sunlight.

Bulwark of Character Your Defense.

By John A. Howland.

NOW, I don't want to hear anything about that, Jimmie; you have been fighting on the school premises and that's enough for me. Take off your coat!"—THE SCHOOL TEACHER.

"That will do, James; you did this and that's all there is to it. Are you ready for your flogging?"—THE OLD FASHIONED FATHER.

"It seems to me, Mr. Brown, that such a mistake—no matter what the causes leading up to it—is inexcusable. I shall have to discharge you."—THE MODERN EMPLOYER.

"I object, your honor; this testimony of the defendant is entirely irrelevant and immaterial. I ask that the defendant's answer be stricken from the records."—THE LAWYER FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

"Objection sustained,"—HIS HONOR THE JUDGE.

If you are a typical young James Brown, already you have recognized much of this as extracts from your own worldly experiences, beginning at the time you first entered school. Before you are done with life, the rest of it is likely to come home to you in many shapes and many times repeated. Excuses are overworked. Adam made the first one when he said that Eve had tempted him. This was the beginning. When the last excuse shall be chronicled in behalf of Man, probably old Time will have rolled together almost the last yard of his scroll, ready for sealing and posting it to Eternity.

Had Adam been alone in the Garden of Eden, the idea of a first excuse never could have entered his mind. There was the apple as exhibit A. But more than this, the Creator out of his infinite knowledge needed neither affirmation nor denial.

But as the descendants of Adam have increased and multiplied there are crowded conditions in civilization making the threads of individual association and intercourse too complex ever to be followed by any grouping of finite minds, and more than ever something in explanation of the individual action demands a hearing.

To bring home the point, let us take the court of competent jurisdiction, with twelve jurymen in the box sworn to find a verdict in a case in which the liberty of the defendant is at stake—perhaps his life, even. James Brown is the defendant. He has been a good citizen for years. His purposes and his intentions toward his fellows have been human and humanizing in character. But the law has laid hands upon him and on the preponderance of evidence that shall be found by the jury his fate rests. Brown has done something, or he has done nothing. Either activity or passiveness under the law may have brought him to bar.

Sitting there as a decent citizen, always decently disposed, he enjoys the same immunity—legally—that is accorded the worst criminal who ever sat in the dock. Which is that he must be presumed innocent until by the evidence he is proved guilty.

Brown and all his witnesses taking the chair in evidence for his cause take oath to tell the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Presumptively, Brown is innocent, but to the great world which doesn't know his reasons and excuses the fact that he sits in the dock at all is a black mark upon him. And testimony begins. The prosecution has the first word by its attorney and it has the last word through its attorney. The prosecution's witnesses first are heard. Then Brown and his witnesses have hearing.

Unfortunately, perhaps, most prosecutors measure their success in law by the number of their convictions. They are paid to secure verdicts against defendants. And from the long, hard practice of cold blooded prosecution they are better versed in just when and where and how to stop defendant and his witnesses as far as possible short of that "whole truth" which they are sworn to tell. To tell the "whole truth" is just as binding upon a witness as is the oath binding him to tell "the truth" and further "nothing but the truth." But in such a cause as this of Brown's nothing is harder than for Brown and his honest witnesses to get into the court records this "whole truth" upon which so much of his honest defense of a justifiable act must depend.

Every questioned act of every man since time began must have its degree of excuse or it must be utterly inexcusable. Why did Brown do this particular thing that brings him into court to prove himself entitled to life and liberty as always he had been entitled to them under the constitution of the United States? Courts are under fire today by the great masses of thinking people who charge them with dallying away time, lying back on precedents of higher courts, and admitting merely technical points in procedure that at best serve no more than to cloud issues and befuddle jurors.

Brown has been given a good character in this arraignment. But unfortunately for Brown the common reasoning is that being such a decent sort of man, he ought not to be in such a position—a defendant at bar, prosecuted by city, state, or United States. Does not this argue, then, that Brown should be accorded the widest latitude in submitting the "whole truth," as far as it bears upon his action? Should not all society be doubly interested that Brown should have this whole truth spread upon the records of the court which is to decide upon either his innocence or his guilt? Surely it ought to be doubly interesting that the world know all of the truth leading up to Brown's action. If he is right, he cannot be wrong; if he is wrong, he cannot right, but right or wrong, society should know the "whole truth."

Brown and Brown's reputable witnesses are sworn to tell the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Yet the court knows that whether the prosecutor raises the "objection" or whether the judge himself follows the law of procedure and enforces its restrictions, neither Brown nor his witnesses will be allowed to tell this "whole truth." Is it perjury when Brown and his witnesses are dumb under this court procedure? Or is the court procedure merely farcical?

There is that one final word to the young man which if followed through life, disentangles many of these snarls and intricacies of life. Build about you the bulwark of character with its masonry of honesty, sincerity, purpose, and manly truth and integrity. All of the world worth recognizing will be with you to the end.

"Retrospections" of John Bigelow Virtually a History of Our Own Times Told by an Authority.

By Jeannette L. Gilder.

IF any volume of recollections, published during the next year, exceeds in interest the "RETROSPECTIONS OF AN ACTIVE LIFE," by John Bigelow (Baker & Taylor company), I shall be surprised. Mr. Bigelow, who is affectionately called "the grand old man of Gramercy park," is now in the ninety-second year of his age. He was born in Bristol (now Malden), N. Y., in 1817. These recollections, which fill three stout volumes, cover the period from the author's youth to the present day, which virtually makes the book a history of our own time.

The contemporaneous character of the book is one of its most notable features; although Mr. Bigelow begins with his boyhood, the book is brought down to date, and, at this writing, he is still reading the proofs of the index, which covers forty pages, if my memory serves me. It has not yet been sent to the press, but I think that is what the publishers told me to be the number of pages, so you can see it will be a most helpful as well as voluminous work.

Although Mr. Bigelow is nearing the century mark, he does not look as old as some men do at 70, nor is he, mentally or physically. There is nothing feeble in his walk, there is nothing feeble in his attitude of mind. He is one of the most abstemious of men, I don't suppose that he ever drank spirits in his life, and he never touches either tea or coffee. He eats simply, sometimes making his dinner on a bowl of milk and baked apples, and he never takes any medicine. He belongs to what is called the high dilutionist school of homeopathy, and he is a fine example of his beliefs.

Most people, when they arrive at Mr. Bigelow's age, suffer more or less from the cold. He does not. He never wears flannels, and he has no steam heat or hot air heat in his house. Open fires heat the large rooms, and they are unusually large, for him and his family. Every summer Mr. Bigelow goes abroad to revisit the scenes of his early activities, and he regards this European trip as one of the tonics that keeps him alive and well. So much for the man as he is today.

In these volumes of "Retrospections" he describes his life in Malden, his education, early law and literary work, his association with Charles O'Conor, John Van Buren, Samuel J. Tilden, Preston King, Charles Sumner, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and William Cullen Bryant, with whom he was associated in the editorial management of the New York Evening Post. His first trip abroad was made in 1858, his latest in 1909. During the first trip he visited Italy and England, and in the latter country he was presented to Queen Victoria, and he met Thackeray, Dickens, Delane of the London Times, Cobden, John Bright, and others. We are given an intimate account of his life in France when he was United States consul at Paris, and, later, ambassador from this country.

The civil war was on during his ambassadorship, and he gives a full account of events relating to Mason and Slidell and the Trent affair, based upon the original documents, many of which were never before published. It was during the second empire that Mr. Bigelow was minister to France, and he had much delicate work to do in connection with Maximilian's occupation of Mexico, and he did it with tact and ability.

Mr. Bigelow, as I have said, begins with his early life at Malden, where his father had a country store by the river side, as well as several sloops that plied between that town and New York. He had, beside this, a farm of 150 acres, where, I believe, Poultney Bigelow makes his home when he is in this country. As a youngster he went to public school and, later, to Washington college in Hartford, the name of which institution was later changed to Trinity college. If he owes anything to Washington college, he thinks it is a development of a taste for such intellectual pleasures as books suited to his age could give.

After leaving college Mr. Bigelow spent the summer at home deliberating upon what step he should take, and his plans for the future. There was only one point on which he was determined and that was, he would not keep a village store as his father had done and as his brothers were doing. The law seemed to open the widest horizon and the one that offered the most attractions, so he entered the office of a firm at Hudson, and later he drifted to New York, and New York has been his home ever since.

While yet a student of law he made an acquaintance which was destined to exert an important influence upon his career. A number of young men who were then studying law or kindred professions lived at the same boarding house with Mr. Bigelow, and among themselves they formed a club which was called "The Column." Among these men were Parke Godwin, Dr. Alonzo Clark, and Senator William M. Evarts. They had a supper once a month and the symbol of the club was a silver column about two and a half feet high, a Greek lamp at its top, which was always lighted at this monthly symposium. This column is now one of the decorations of the Century club, of which Mr. Bigelow is president, having succeeded the late Bishop Henry C. Potter to that office. Mr. Bigelow, I believe, is the only surviving member of the forty-eight members of "The Column." He attributes his long life to his having fallen in with a homeopathic physician when he first came to New York.

In the early years of his career as a law student Mr. Bigelow met Fitz-Greene Halleck and William Cullen Bryant; the former became a warm friend, the latter a lifelong friend and business associate. In looking back over his past life, Mr. Bigelow speaks of the wonderful influence that his association with Mr. Bryant had upon his point of view. Even after he had retired from the Evening Post, he would say to himself, when he was going to do something about which he had a doubt, "How would Mr. Bryant act under similar circumstances?"

"I rarely applied this test," writes Mr. Bigelow, "without receiving a clear and satisfactory answer. The influence which Mr. Bryant exerted over me by his example—he never gave advice—satisfies me that every one undervalues the importance of his own example."

It was in the year 1837 or 1838, that Mr. Bigelow first became acquainted with another man to whom he was long bound by the ties of closest intimacy—the late Samuel J. Tilden. The two young men were boarding at the house of Mr. Tilden's aunt, a Mrs. Barnes, who lived on the corner of Eighth street and Fifth avenue. Mr. Tilden had just finished his law studies in the office of Judge Edmonds, and had not yet got his start as a lawyer. His mind, even then, was wholly engrossed in practical politics, of which Bigelow knew nothing. "It became, however," he writes, "the main, I might say the sole, topic of our long conversations when we met, as we usually did, at the breakfast table."

A review of Bulwer's "Night and Morning" by Mr. Bigelow for a college magazine, on the invitation of the editor, was a turning point in his career. It gave him a taste of printer's ink for which he finally laid aside the law.

In the fall of the year 1848 Mr. Tilden called one day upon Mr. Bigelow and asked him how he should like to join Mr. Bryant in the editorship of the Evening Post. Seeing that he was somewhat taken aback by the inquiry, Mr. Tilden went on to say that Mr. Bryant stood in need of help, and that he (Bigelow) had shown a tendency to journalism, that one of Mr. Bryant's associates was about to quit the firm, and that his name had been mentioned for the vacant position.

Mr. Bigelow asked for time to consider the matter, and when he found that he could buy an interest in the Post, as well as receive a salary, he decided in favor of the venture. Early in the month of December of the same year Mr. Bigelow became the proprietor of three and one-tenth shares of all the property of William Cullen Bryant & Co., "which consisted of the Evening Post newspaper, a feebly equipped job office, and the files of the paper running back to the beginning of the century, for which I agreed to pay Mr. Boggs, the retiring partner) the sum of $15,000." The average annual dividends for the five years from 1844 to 1848, inclusive, had been $9,776.44. After deducting 7 per cent, which was the legal rate of interest in those days, for the money that he was to pay for his stock, and 3 per cent for a sinking fund, the earnings of the paper, unless increased, would have yielded him about $1,500 a year for his services, but he had so much confidence in his own ability, together with Mr. Bryant's, to render the paper more productive, that he went in to win—and he won.

All the cash that he was to put up was $2,500, which, as he did not have it, seemed like a large sum. He, however, succeeded in borrowing it from a then comparative stranger, Charles O'Conor, whom he had known four or five years, but with whom he had not been particularly intimate. When Mr. Bigelow entered the firm of William Cullen Bryant & Co. the printing press of the Evening Post was worked by hand, and even with a circulation of only 1,500 copies they often missed the mails. In the second year of his connection with the firm they bought the property on the northwest corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, which property, I may add, was sold a few weeks ago for a little less than $1,000,000, and that price was paid for the ground alone, for the building did not amount to anything, that is, for these days, though it was considered a fine one when it was put up.

Mr. Bigelow's income from the Post soon reached the magnificent sum of $2,500 a year, but when he sold out it had reached nearly $25,000, which means that the circulation had materially increased and the advertising patronage also. The way Mr. Bigelow came to sell out was this:

Parke Godwin, the son-in-law of Mr. Bryant, came to him and said that he wanted an appointment in the custom house as he could not make a living for his family as a literary free lance. "For God's sake, Godwin," Mr. Bigelow exclaimed, with some warmth, "don't go back into the custom house! That is not a suitable place for you; do anything but that!"

Mr. Godwin said that his health was impaired and that he could no longer depend upon his pen for his livelihood, and that the custom house seemed to be the only resource.

Mr. Bigelow thought a moment, and then exclaimed: "Godwin, buy out my interest in the Evening Post and come in here and make your fortune."

The idea of selling his interest in the paper had not occurred to Mr. Bigelow until that moment. He was, as already stated, making an income of about $25,000 a year out of it, and in five years he would have probably doubled this. He thinks that he might have asked $100,000 more than he sold to Mr. Godwin for, but he has never regretted his bargain. He was told later that Mr. Henderson, the business partner, sold his one-third to Mr. Villard some years later for $500,000.

While Mr. Bigelow was a hard worker, he would occasionally take a vacation, and on one of these vacations he went abroad, and it was while in Paris during this visit that he was presented to the emperor, Louis Napoleon, and his wife.

The presentation over I was fortunate enough to get into the throneroom, the salle des marechaux, close to the edge of the dancing circle and within twenty feet of the emperor, who sat on the empress' right, in a gilded armchair a little larger than any other in the room. On the emperor's right sat the Prince Jerome, better known as "Plon-Plon," and on the left of the empress the Princess Clotilde; on her left Princess Mathilde, and next the Princess Murat; behind them a half dozen or more maids of honor. As this was the first opportunity I had had of seeing either of their majesties so near I do not think I took my eyes off them until they went into the supper room after midnight. The empress did not impress me as much nor quite in the way I had expected. She is a pretty woman; has a graceful figure; moves gracefully; has beautiful sloping shoulders, drooping eyelids, and yet there seemed to be nothing regal and sovereign in her appearance, nothing that indicated any comprehension of the part she and her husband were playing in the history of the world. From what I saw of her it would never have occurred to me, whatever my opportunity, to attempt to interest her in the career of which her husband was such an important factor, any further than as it affects her as a wife and a mother.

The emperor, also, whom I had seen only by the empress' side in their carriage, disappointed me. He is short, with broad shoulders, large chest, and barrel tapering off into two legs, so short as to seem very, very small. His head, too, seemed rather large for his legs, and he looked, as the sailors say, "all by the bows," like a catfish. This impression, however, was not lasting; his movements were all slow and deliberate. Owing to the shortness of his legs his walk is not graceful. He seems to advance first one side and then the other, as on a pivot, his head moving from side to side as if trying to keep time with his legs. The first impression his face left upon me was that of an overtasked man going through a wearisome ceremonial when he was dying for sleep. His eyes were small, without luster or definite expression, which, with the slowness of his motions, made him seem to be terribly bored.

Mr. Bigelow discovered that this impression was erroneous, and that the emperor was not bored. He had not watched him long before he began to realize the great economy of force he exhibited: "He did not waste anything—not a smile, not a step, not a gesture, not a look, not a thought, not a word." His smile was sweet, but it stopped abruptly, and his laugh had unmistakable evidences of insincerity.

From Paris Mr. Bigelow went to London and dined with William H. Russell, the famous war correspondent. He met Delane, the editor of the Times:

Delane impressed me by the accuracy of his information on a variety of subjects, by his quickness to apprehend and eagerness to appropriate what seemed true and new in what he heard, and the correctness of his scent, in a rambling conversation, for what is reliable. After he left I mentioned my impressions to Russell, adding that Delane did not look to me like a man of very strong convictions, but would surrender any of his opinions without a pang to others that had any additional merit to commend them. Russell, in partial reply to this remark, said that Delane could never let Louis Napoleon up, nor could he bear a "pure Whig."

It was during this trip abroad that Mr. Bigelow and his wife dined with Thackeray. Among the company were

Mrs. Charles Dickens, Dr. Quinn, the earliest homeopathic physician, as he claimed to be; Mrs. Caulfield, a pretty and unaffected woman, whom I was permitted to take down to dinner; Sir Henry Havelock, son of the famous defender of Lucknow; Mr. Oliphant, the eccentric though gifted husband of an eccentric wife, and some half dozen others, whose names I did not learn. Thackeray, at whose side I was seated, was suffering with chills and fever. He drank a great deal, as it seemed to me, and garnished his food with red pepper and curry to excess, for the purpose, as he said, of staving off or drawing off the chills. He succeeded in bringing on a profuse perspiration about 11 o'clock; at the same time he said he was tipsy, and talked a little to verify his diagnosis.

He and Quinn throughout the dinner kept sparring with each other, at the expense to both of a good deal of personal dignity. Quinn frequently called him a humbug and other names of that ilk, with a degree of familiarity which could well have been spared. Thackeray said at an early stage of the dinner: "Look here, Quinn, you must not be so familiar. My daughter told me the other day that you were too familiar."

One morning, as Mr. Bigelow was breakfasting with the Russells, Thackeray, who lived in the neighborhood, dropped in:

The second or third number of his new magazine, the Cornhill, had appeared only the day before. It at once became the subject of conversation. Each in turn expressed his opinion of the merits and demerits of the several articles in the number. After they had all pretty much said their say my wife, who had been silent, said: "Well, for my part, I enjoyed the story about the school of girls better than anything else in the number." "Did you?" shrieked Thackeray, jumping up and seizing both her hands. "Did you? My daughter Emmie wrote that." He was completely overcome by the genuineness and unaffected sincerity of the compliment, for, of course, he knew that no one in the room but himself was aware of the authorship of the story, nor had any of the other persons present alluded to it. I doubt if Thackeray ever received a compliment for anything he wrote himself that gave him the pleasure he got from this involuntary tribute to the maiden effort of Miss Emmie.

He said he thought the verses about Washington Irving in that number rather small beer—a kind of beer of which he admitted he was very fond."

Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow attended the queen's drawing room, and were presented by the American minister, Mr. Dallas:

After we had been presented Mr. Dallas and I found ourselves standing near the queen, whom, of course, I scrutinized closely as long as I had an opportunity of doing so. She seemed a short woman with a dumpy figure, though erect, no grace of outline. Her complexion was florid, and with the least provocation grows red all over; her eyes gray and very pop. She peels her teeth to the top of her gums when she laughs, which is not becoming at all, as her front teeth are quite too prominent to bear such exposure. Her smile is pleasant, but when she puts on a severe or cold expression she looks as though her features had been accustomed to it. I was led to suspect that her temper was capricious. Some who approached her—a few—she kissed; others, English ladies, kissed her hand. The gentleman with the gold stick called off the name of each person to the queen as he or she approached.

Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, and Sidney Herbert stood near Mr. Bigelow on this occasion. He writes:

I studied Mr. Gladstone carefully. He has the nervous, bilious temperament; black hair and bright eyes; a square forehead, which does not rise as much in the region which phrenologists assign as the abode of the moral sentiments as one could wish; a rapid, nervous motion, and everything about him more suggestive of a French or Italian than of a Saxon origin. His face is strongly marked with the lines of thought, and in his conversation he occasionally betrays the impression that his mind is pursuing a train of thought beyond the area prescribed by his interlocutor.

His wife and Lady Palmerston were also present, standing side by side. Miss Gladstone was among those who were presented to the queen on this occasion. Mrs. Gladstone is tall, thinnish, with spare features, about 40 years of age, and not exactly handsome. To my surprise, her eyes did not seem to work in harmony—at least that was my impression.

Mrs. Palmerston is near or quite 60. Her lower eyelids are baggy and her face looks a good deal battered, as if it had been required in its time to express a great variety of strong emotions.

From journalism Mr. Bigelow went into diplomacy, and made a success of it. It was during Lincoln's administration that he was appointed United States consul to Paris. He describes his first meeting with and first impressions of Lincoln. The interview took place at an early hour in the morning and the conversation in which he, Mr. Bigelow, took little part, turned upon the operations in the field:

I observed no sign of weakness in anything the president said, neither did I hear anything that particularly impressed me, which, under the circumstances, was not surprising. What did impress me, however, was what I can only describe as a certain lack of sovereignty. He seemed to me, nor was it in the least strange that he did, like a man utterly unconscious of the space which the president of the United States occupied that day in the history of the human race, and of the vast power for the exercise of which he had become personally responsible. This impression was strengthened by Mr. Lincoln's modest habit of disclaiming knowledge of affairs and familiarity with duties, and frequent avowals of ignorance, which, even where it exists, it is as well for a captain as far as possible to conceal from the public. The authority of an executive officer largely consists in what his constituents think it is. Up to that time Mr. Lincoln had had few opportunities of showing the nation the qualities which won all hearts and made him one of the most conspicuous and enduring historic characters of the century.

While Mr. Bigelow was in Paris as United States consul, Alexandre Dumas expressed to him a desire to visit this country, and asked for letters of introduction, but Mr. Bigelow was doubtful as to his success over here. He was popular in Paris and among French people, but his colored blood, particularly with the war not yet over, would hardly ingratiate him with northern people.

Mr. Bigelow never had a more difficult task on his hands, and it is a lucky thing that Dumas changed his mind and did not come to this country.

I have not taken up the political side of Mr. Bigelow's "Retrospections," but rather the social, although the former is, no doubt, the most important part of the book which should prove a gold mine to the future historian.